

The Times-Dispatch

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SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1903.

AGAIN THE MORTGAGE TAX.

It appears from the New-York papers that the proposed mortgage tax bill has been abandoned. The introduction of the bill, however, has served a good purpose, for it has provoked discussion and has brought out in emphasis the iniquity of all such taxation. Many articles have been printed in editorial columns of the New York newspapers, and also by correspondents, showing that the mortgage tax is double taxation and that the borrower pays it.

"Any taxation of a mortgage on real estate, when the property itself is fully taxed," says the Journal of Commerce, "is wrong in principle and ought to be utterly abolished. So far as it extends to double taxation, inasmuch as the tax upon the mortgage, which is an evidence of debt, must be derived from the income of the property, precisely like the tax imposed directly upon its assessed value. The man lending money upon this kind of security calculates upon a certain increment from the loan, which is determined by the general rate to be derived from other investments of equal safety, and if a tax is to be deducted the rate of interest demanded will be made to include it. The borrower, owing and paying taxes upon the real estate, must inevitably pay the added tax in the increased interest rate."

We have so often made this statement that it seems an unnecessary repetition to reproduce it from the columns of another paper, but we would have our readers see that others take the same view. The New York Journal of Commerce is a paper that weighs well its words and never makes a positive statement in a matter of business without being able to verify it.

A correspondent of the New York Sun makes the same point. He says that 90 per cent. of existing mortgages in New York are due or can be called. That if the mortgage tax bill should pass they would be called and new mortgages executed for a higher rate of interest by 1-2 or 1 per cent. where the mortgage is less than 6 per cent. If at 6 per cent, which is the rule regarding farm lands, the mortgage would be called and the farmer would be called upon to pay the charges of the landlender also for preparing an agreement of extension of the mortgage for one year, or for a new mortgage for one year; and in these charges would be included the State tax.

It is remarkable, indeed, that Democrats will defend the mortgage tax. We have from year to year, from campaign to campaign, denounced the Republican tariff tax because, as we have asserted as positively as we could, the tax eventually came out of the consumer. In vain did the Republicans plead that the tax was paid by the foreigner. Democrats contended that, although the tax was nominally paid by the foreigner, it was added to the price of the goods, and so eventually paid by the consumer. That is true, and in every instance.

By the same token the borrower pays the mortgage tax. It is very popular to talk about taxing the "money sharks," but in taxing the "money sharks" we tax the borrower. The "money shark" has the situation in his hand and will always protect himself. If there is a tax he puts it in the interest, and the man who pays the interest is the man who pays the tax. This is necessarily true, and so it is that we have urged the Legislature of Virginia to abolish the mortgage tax, and thereby give the borrower at least the chance of getting his money at a lower rate of interest. There is competition between money lenders, and if in the city of Richmond, where the competition is usually sharp, the tax on mortgages should be abolished, we have no sort of doubt that the interest rate would fall in proportion.

The way to get at the money lender, the way to get at the capitalist, as he is popularly called, is to tax his income. That is the source from which Virginia should derive a considerable revenue, but under our present slipshod system she receives a trifling sum.

THE SEBRELL BILL.

Talk as much as you please about prohibition, the fact is that alcohol is here, that men are going to have it, and so long as there is a demand there will be somebody to furnish the supply. Therefore, it is a question of regulating the sale in such a way as to supply the demand and yet in such a way as to make the sale least offensive to those who are exposed to it, and to reduce the evil of the traffic to the minimum.

We printed the other day the experience of Rev. Dr. Wines, a member of the Committee of Fifty, appointed to investigate the liquor traffic in several States, and he expressed the opinion, after a year of diligent inquiry, that pro-

hibition was not the proper method of dealing with the question.

For more than fifty years the State of New Hampshire tried State prohibition, but recently it was abandoned and local option substituted. In some sections the law was obeyed because it was backed by public sentiment, but in other sections, where public sentiment was against it, it was openly violated and it finally came to pass that the officers of the law winked at the violations and imposed fines equal to what would ordinarily be a license tax.

Much the same state of things exists in Maine and a judge of the court said a year or two ago that the prohibition law in that State was more regulative than prohibitive.

It was all a miserable sham and pretense. The prohibitionists seemed to feel that they had done their duty when they outlawed the traffic, yet knew all the time that liquor was being sold. We do not charge that prohibition is always a failure. It will be successful in communities where the people generally are opposed to the liquor traffic, and where the people generally exert themselves to see that the law is upheld. But in sections where public sentiment is not largely in favor of prohibition, it is impossible to enforce it, and that is a sufficient reason why no State should have a general prohibition law.

We believe that the bill offered by Mr. Sebrell, of Southampton, is, perhaps, the most practical measure that has been offered at all. That bill would do away with the saloon evil, and a large part of the liquor evil is in the open saloon. It is conceded that in communities where prohibition is in force there is a decrease in the quantity of liquor drunk and a decrease in drunkenness. But this benefit is largely overbalanced in some cases by flagrant violations of the law, for anything which tends to create disrespect and contempt for the law is demoralizing, if, indeed, not worse than the evil which it is designed to destroy.

But is there a happy medium between the evils of the saloon on the one hand and the evils of lawlessness under prohibition on the other? We believe that there is and we believe that it is to be found in some such measure as that introduced by Mr. Sebrell. The bill, if passed, would not necessarily interfere with local option. Each and every community could still decide for itself whether liquor should be sold under any circumstances. The Sebrell bill as a supplement of the local option law would be a great improvement.

SOME VULGARISMS.

A correspondent of the New York Sun protests against the impertinent, indolent and generally inept custom of finishing a note of request with the words "Thanking you in advance."

We join in the protest. Newspapers frequently receive notes of request concluding in this fashion. Some of these requests are unreasonable, and cannot be granted, but the writer presumes upon your generosity and "thanks you in advance."

"You can't thank a man for a favor you are not sure he will grant. You have no right to assume that he will grant it until you have heard from him," adds the Sun's correspondent. Certainly not. It is presumptuous. If the correspondent is so cock-sure of you, why should he put his proposal in the form of a request? The expression was pardonable, perhaps, when first employed, for there are occasions when one may reasonably presume upon a compliance with a polite request. But as stereotyped form of closing every letter, it is, as the Sun's correspondent says, impertinent, and it is sometimes offensive.

One day a man said to an acquaintance: "John, I want you to shake hands with my old friend, Tom." It was a very neat form of introduction in this particular instance, but now that it has become a fashion in some circles to introduce men in this way, it is quite another proposition. "Mr. Jones, shake hands with Mr. Smith." Bahl! The thing is both slangy and vulgar.

A FORLORN HOPE.

In discussing the report that Republicans are proposing to inaugurate a campaign with a view to capturing Virginia next year, the St. Louis Globe-Democrat says:

Of course, the Republican party will sweep the country in 1904, whether they carry Virginia or not. But it would be for Virginia if that State should go Republican in that year. West Virginia has probably taken her place permanently in the Republican column. There is a very good reason to believe that Maryland will swing in 1904 to the party for which she voted in 1896 and 1900. Just at present the Republicans are not claiming any of the ex-slave States for 1904, except Delaware, Maryland and West Virginia. Yet if there be any chance to win Virginia the Republicans leaders are justified in making a strong effort to that end, even though the majority in that election will be likely to touch big figures without her.

Virginia is open territory, and the Republicans are at liberty to come in and make a fight. But it will be time and money wasted. They have as much chance of carrying Virginia as they have of carrying Georgia. Moreover, it would be a pity to stir up and arouse the party leaders in this State. They are quite comfortable as it is; "so please let them sleep."

TIME TO STOP.

We would say to our esteemed contemporary, the Fredericksburg Free Lance, that we never imagined that it intended to be personally offensive to any man connected with The Times-Dispatch in its criticism of the Palmer and Buckner Democrats. Nor do we feel called upon to apologize for or to defend any who supported that ticket. Our objection is to the general characterization. We are quite tired of hearing it said or intimated that all who supported the Palmer and Buckner ticket were frauds and traitors, while all who supported Bryan and Sewall were true blues and patriots. We are tired of this as we are of hearing Confederates called rebels and traitors. There were honest Democrats who supported Palmer and Buckner, and there were honest Democrats who supported Bryan

and Sewall. There may have been frauds in the Palmer and Buckner ranks; but does anybody pretend that there were not frauds also in the Bryan ranks? But it seems to us most unwise to discuss such questions at this time. Why rake up old scores? The thing to do is for Democrats to get together and stop quarreling over dead issues. They would do so, too, if Mr. Bryan and Mr. Cleveland would only retire into innocuous desuetude.

The New York Sun is inclined to view with suspicion the sending of General Leonard Wood to the Philippines. It suspects that he has been shipped there to oust Governor Taft, in one way or another.

Wood was the colonel of the Rough Riders, of which command Roosevelt was the lieutenant-colonel, and he has a tremendous clench on the administration. Taft could have been a member of the United States Supreme Court, but declined the tender, preferring to complete his work in the Philippines, where he holds the post of civil Governor. Taft has been talked of as a suitable person for the Republican nomination for the Presidency.

If there is any underhanded work going on against Taft the Sun will be pretty sure to find it out and expose it. Already it seems to be pretty hot on the trail. And yet Taft may live to see the day when he will regret that he failed to take the hint to go on the bench.

"It is said by experts," says the Hartford Times, "that the finest antique colonial furniture in this country comes from the South. Much of it has been discovered in the cabins of aged negroes, who were formerly slaves. When these rare, carved old pieces of mahogany were discovered by their masters, they were often given to the negroes, not understanding the valuation of them that would come later. A richly carved mahogany sideboard was found recently in a chicken roost in one of the Southern States. The chickens roosted on it every night, and it was worn and battered. This was bought by a dealer for a small sum, and after it was restored, sold to a customer for \$250."

The preparations being made at New Orleans for the Confederate Reunion are on a grand scale, and it is certain that the exercises will be interesting and the attendance large. The reunion will extend from May 19th to the 22d, inclusive. The railroads offer a cheap round trip ticket. A special order from General C. Irvine Walker, the commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department, urges that our camps shall send large delegations to New Orleans.

In spite of the well-meant efforts of the good people of Suffolk, those pesky bloodhounds are showing a determination to keep their names in print if they have to "chaw" up the whole Hurricane Branch family to do it.

The monotony of the Newport News courts has been varied some by the institution of a branch of promise suit. Newport News can furnish any kind of excitement the most exacting taste can call for.

All the Tidewater folks went home reasonably happy. Several Richmond enterprises hope they will have occasion to return at an early date. They were a liberal set of fellows.

The whole State and a good portion of North Carolina are greatly interested in Norfolk's proposed effort to induce the mosquito to go.

The Jamestown appropriation bill has gotten into the Senate, and it is whispered about that its pathway out will not be strewn with roses.

The Tidewater papers, as well as the people of that section, are delighted with the legislative proceedings of Thursday.

It would be safe to bet the odds that more trees were cut down in Virginia on Arbor Day than were planted.

Newport News is to add a street car line to the other new enterprises she is capturing in these boomish days.

Amherst prohibition seems to be prohibiting at last. Day's XXX "drug store" has gone up in ashes.

Teddy, Jr., is something of a fisherman when he can get into the placid waters of the Old Dominion.

Don't stop planting trees. The season is not near over.

The April winds are treating Chicago scandalously.

North Carolina Sentiment.

The Raleigh Post says: The construction of this inland ship canal will place North Carolina, certainly the eastern half of it, upon equal advantage with either Virginia or North Carolina, and while benefiting directly, so far as shipments from eastern seaboard markets are concerned, would incidentally aid in determining the rates from the Northwest or Southwest. Our State would then enjoy equal advantages with our neighbors, either north or south of us.

There are some unfailing signs of spring about Greensboro. The Record says:

The occasional appearance of the barefoot small boy; the sight of a negro with a hoe and a plow and a blind horse; the street sprinkler perambulating the stone-paved streets; the cackle of the hen and the response of the old rooster; and other things too numerous to mention, are reminders that we are about to spring into spring.

The Durham Herald says: Yesterday was Arbor Day in Virginia, and this reminds us that this State should take such steps as to render Arbor Day necessary.

The Concord Tribune says: The Hon. Hoke Smith said yesterday in New York that Southern Democracy would be glad of a return of Mr. Cleveland or to support either Olney or Parker. Mr. Smith is one Southern Democrat who does not curse Mr. Cleveland, the man who gave the Southern people so much during his tenure of office.

Trend of Thought
In Dixie Land

Birmingham News: Secretary Shaw's speech cannot be considered a valuable campaign contribution, since it neither defines the Democratic policy, nor meets fairly and squarely the issues presented by the course of his own party.

Montgomery Advertiser: We rather like Richard Watson Glider's new word, "Publletin," which he applies to Hon. David R. Francis. Like a great many new words which are being added to our language, it is appropriate and expressive. We use politician, statistician and many other words of like nature which are part of our language and could not be dispensed with. The new word is equally convenient and appropriate and will stick.

Mobile Register: Ex-President Cleveland is going to appear on the platform in New York with Booker T. Washington. Mr. Cleveland doesn't expect to have any further use for the solid South—Chicago Record-Herald. What an absurdity! If Southern governors and educators can appear on the same platform with Washington, it is Washington can himself speak by request from the platform, addressing a white audience, as was the case years ago at the Atlanta Exposition, and more recently out in Texas, why should Southern people object to Mr. Cleveland's associating with him in this public manner? The remark of the Chicago paper shows a very thorough misunderstanding of the relations between the races in the South.

Atlanta Constitution: The Missouri papers are full of talk of ex-Governor Francis and Senator Stone, for President. Missouri is evidently beginning to think she can furnish the country with something besides mules.

Savannah News: In Chicago a waiter has been kicked up on a charge of insanity, for no other reason than that he was madly in love with a millionaire's daughter. Why shouldn't an American waiter have as much right to love an American heiress as an impetuous duke or a dissolute earl?

A FEW FOREIGN FACTS.

Following the example of America, Cambridge University has decided to institute new trips for economics and political science.

Steps were taken recently toward forming in Paris a candidate for the Chamber of Commerce to extend commercial relations between France and Canada.

Examination has disproved the fears that the waters at Carlsbad had been affected by the recent earthquake shocks.

In 1902 no fewer than 40,000 persons emigrated from Ireland, all of whom except 21 were natives. Since 1861 nearly 4,000,000 have left their Irish homes for the colonies or United States.

Earthquakes have been felt as far apart as the Island of Dominica, West Indies, and Aquila, Italy. Vesuvius is in eruption.

Dr. F. A. Barton, president of the Aeronautical Institute of England, announces that he is building an airship, which will be fitted with 150-horsepower motors. If this is successful he will build one which will carry motors of 500 or 600 horsepower and will be able to fly from 60 to 80 miles an hour.

The ancient town of La Rochelle is making greatly for temperance. The Town Council has just passed a law forbidding the existence of cafes and drinking places within a radius of a kilometre from the harbor. If this is successful he will build one which will carry motors of 500 or 600 horsepower and will be able to fly from 60 to 80 miles an hour.

Personal and General.

Ira D. Sankey, the singing evangelist, is still blind at his home in Brooklyn, and the prospect of recovering the sight of at least one eye seems to be gradually waning.

Rev. T. S. King, a missionary of the Episcopal Church in Japan, states that the people of all the great Protestant churches of Japan give more toward church support than any other of the Protestant churches of America.

M. T. Chung, of the Chinese Legation, is no slouch as a cyclist and can surpass the steepest hills around Washington.

Alexis Edrikhine, of St. Petersburg, who came to the United States to write a series of articles for his paper, "Novoye Vremya," published at St. Petersburg, is now in Washington. He will take a long trip through the West before he returns home.

In his capacity as president and commander of the Veteran Corps of Artillery, constituting the Society of the War of 1813 Veteran Corps, the Rev. Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity Church, Manhattan, will on April 25th, review the Twenty-third Regiment in Brooklyn.

The Vanderbilt or New York Central Railroad system is to be solidified, according to reports, in the way of the Pennsylvania system. The authority of general officers will in this way be extended. George H. Daniels, now general manager of the Pennsylvania system, has made general passenger agent of all the eastern lines on the system, and so on with other experienced officers.

Scrap of Local History.

Some claims as to who first advocated white supremacy are coming to the surface, and that being so, it is to be expected that some one will be found to advocate the measure when it was supposed to be very unpopular as a political measure. Data is a good thing to rely on. Files of certain papers show that Colonel John N. Staples, of Greensboro, made such a speech in Richmond in 1858, the occasion being the celebration of the defeat of Colonel Billy Mahone. He spoke from a stand erected near what is now the City Hall in Richmond to 20,000 people or more. His boldness in advocating white supremacy at this time was generally commended, and his speech was printed in a number of papers, some of which editorially criticized his remarks. Let's keep the record straight as we go along. It is not amiss to state, however, that Colonel Staples is not a candidate for any office within the gift of the people. He is sticking to the practice of the law—Greensboro (N. C.) Record.

Remarks about Richmond.

Farmville Herald: We are glad to know that peace conferences, held in Richmond, amount to something. Would that the world variety was as effective.

Newport News Times-Herald: The Richmond man who "cannot remember" killing a girl he visited may be relieved of any further efforts to think at all.

Farmville Herald: Richmond's broad is to be "cornered." Corn bread is excellent, but as to the cornered we have our doubts.

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THE
MAN
ABOUT
TOWN

—BY—
Harry Tucker.

DAILY CALENDAR—April 4th.
1002—Manchester Street Committee has \$7,000 on hand for street improvements.
1910—Grass still in the streets.

When butterberies begin to turn, And strawberry is ripe, We love to sit beside the brook And drink our battered lip.

We love to loiter on the bank, With music from the bees; We love to hear the lilacs grow, We love to see the broods.

We love to have the fishes bite, We love the scent of rose, And as we have no more to write, This spasm now we'll close.

With the advent of straw hats and linen suits and mint juleps and invitations to spend the summer in the country, it behooves us to seek the shady side of the street.

Already we have picked out the shady places in Monroe Park for the daytime, and the shady places for the evening, when, with her by our side, we hope to sit on a piazza hand and talk about nothing and sigh away from the gaping public.

Already we have found out which side of the street the sun shines on by close consultation with the calendar, and we have found that the sun is no respecter of persons, or sides of streets, and that it shines on all alike, except that it divides its warmth and gives both sides of the street a chance. Therefore, we must say that we have made all arrangements to spend the summer as a summer should be spent.

That's about all we will be able to spend. For the first time on record we passed through the lot of April unscathed.

In our long and strenuous career we have never before been so lucky.

So Bobby Mack has our sympathy. Bobby has been a clown for fifty years or more.

We remember him in the good old rainy days when we used to go to the circus twice a day and sit up all night to see them put up the tent.

Bobby and Captain John Maitland, the press agent, who can tell more improbable things than any other ten men in town, sat at the same lunch counter.

When Bobby and Captain John Maitland, the press agent, who can tell more improbable things than any other ten men in town, sat at the same lunch counter.

Neither Bobby or the Captain drink anything stronger than a milk punch with their meals, and the Captain and Bobby have a milk punch with him, and Bobby says "yes."

Then the Captain, when Bobby ain't looking, takes a bottle of cognac and he takes a sample before he will build one which will carry motors of 500 or 600 horsepower and will be able to fly from 60 to 80 miles an hour.

Bob is going to take the Boston press agent down to the sea at Manhattan Beach and duck him.

We have found out the color of their eyes!

Brown! With all the other charms that surround them, we were willing to bet on the color of their eyes and run chances.

But they are brown, and with that saucy smile and switch of the pretty head, and the twinkle of those feet and the glimpse of white teeth, we feel that we are indeed destined to be an occupant of that front row seat as long as the Beauty Show remains in town.

Hours seem minutes when we sit before the front row seats at the sea of faces pangs of jealousy cut into us, and we feel like going off somewhere with her to a rustic retreat, far from the eyes that gaze and bask in the sunshine of her sweet presence.

Or words to those effects.

New York Papers Not Needed.

We do not appreciate the need in Virginia of the Sunday editions of the New York papers, now that the Richmond Times-Dispatch is as elaborate in illustrations, as comprehensive in its grasp of the news of the world, as any of the editorial columns and vastly more satisfactory in its compilations of Virginia news.

We hope the day will soon come when we will not be forced to cross the Potomac except to call on our old friends in session—Farmville Herald.

Sound Sense.

There is much indignation expressed over the fact that children are not wanted in State and hotels, but it seems rather a curious case of discrimination. Plans and hotels are not the proper environment for children, and if parents have no more judgment than to choose such places for homes, it is fortunate that landlords bar children from their establishments.

One of one's own vine and fig tree, however humble a roof they may shelter, is due the growing boy or girl with healthy instincts and the usual propensity to mischief—Nashville Banner.

That Great Senator.

The statement that Senator Morgan will take up the question of good roads at the next session of Congress suggests that possibly the Senator's canal speech might be broken up and used as macadam—Kansas City Journal.

Out-of-Doors Again.

Fair Spring that decks with green the sod Works change in many a man. He who was late a gallery god Becomes a bleacher fan. —Philadelphia Press.

OF THE
BRENT, BADGER

Romance of the Kidnapping of a Governor-General.

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"Then, Lissa, let it be," was the reply. "We have no other women on board except a crazy old lady that we picked up at sea."

"A crazy woman!" Lissa shivered slightly. "O, she is quite harmless," he continued. "She has an idea that she is to marry the Emperor of China, and Lord Fitzmorris here," indicating the governor with his hand, "has kindly consented to play that part for the time being, to ease her mind. She has an East Indian servant, a monkey, and a parrot with her. It was the monkey that gave us the warning of the boat attack the other night that came so near being disastrous."

"A boat attack!" exclaimed the girl, with wide-open eyes. "Yes, from your friends at the fort. Broughton tried to swim out to warn us, but the little boat got ahead of him by a few minutes. We are just as much indebted to him, however, for his good intentions."

The sky had already become slightly overcast, and a low moaning began to make itself heard overhead. "We are none too soon," said Lissa. "You can hear its warning note. It is always heard here soon, than anywhere else in this part of the island."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Every hour the sounds of the coming tempest became more and more distinct and dominant. Great black clouds began to huddle overhead, and rush madly by. The howling, now low, now louder, filled the air.

"It is not far off," said Brent, as he stood up and looked down, now and then looking aloft at the narrow prospect afforded him overhead.

"By night, it will be here in all its strength," was Lissa's reply.

By 7 o'clock it seemed as though the demon of the storm was holding high carnival directly overhead. The wind howled furiously, and the rain fell in torrents. They could hear the crash of falling trees above the howling of the elements, and often one would be born aloft only to fall into the pool near by.

"How deep is the water alongside of us?" asked Brent of the brown girl, as they were all seated in the cabin. "It is said to range from 150 to 180 feet," was the reply. "The length is 600 feet, and the width at the greatest point is 100 feet."

At that moment there was a terrific burst of lightning, which made the lamps around them look pale, to be followed the next moment by an angry rumbling, a crash of thunder. The vessel commenced to rock gently from side to side.

"Good God! what makes her do that?" exclaimed Brent, "not a bit of wind can reach us."

"It is the earthquake!" cried Lissa. "It has come! Pray God that it may be no worse than that!"

All were silent as death. The Badger rocked on its gently, but the motion did not increase. Just as another crash of thunder came the Hindu burst from the door which led to his mistress' cabin and spoke a few words to Fitzmorris in his native tongue.

"Miss Brent," said the latter, "please go to the old lady. Babo thinks that something has happened to her."

Entering the stateroom, which was occupied by the old lady, the captain saw she was surprised to find her sitting up in her bed.

"Young lady," she said gently, with no trace of her former manner, "will you tell me where the anchor and what is the matter? I seem to have been ill and asleep, and was awakened by a horrible noise and the rocking of my bed. What is it?"

Madeleine saw, in an instant that, though some mysterious agency, she had recovered her senses.

"Madam," she said quietly, "you have been very ill. But this is hardly the time to talk of what has happened. You are on board of my father's ship. We are anchored in a sheltered bay, protected from a fearful storm which is raging overhead. The rocking of your bed was caused by an earthquake. You have all just felt the effects of it."

"But how did I come? And where is the general, my husband?"

Madeleine saw that there was no way out of it, so she said in a hurried way, "Do not worry, nothing."

"Nothing at all? My husband—my husband, was very ill—was he not? He is not?" She did not finish the sentence, but scanned the girl's face questioningly.

"Yes, madam. I regret to say that he is dead."